

Tears

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Summary: "And yet, Alfred F. Jones still didn't cry." WWII! AU oneshot

Tears

****Disclaimer:** I don't own Hetalia, all rights go to its respectful owners.**

****A/N:** Hey guys! This is my first time writing something that isn't a project, or something of the like, so please don't flame, even though it's mostly likely terrible. I'm welcome to constructive criticism though (I desperately need some feedback)!**

****Let's get on with the story!****

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Alfred F. Jones never cried.

It was like an unwritten law of the universe. Alfred F. Jones was a happy, hero-obsessed, hamburger-addicted idiot that couldn't tell right from left or up from down. When suggesting solutions to problems, he would just yap on and on about robots and giant superheroes saving everyone.

Alfred himself found it amusing and slightly sad everyone believed that facade.

He was a fighter pilot for God's sake! He led an entire squad! Even his brothers, Arthur and Matthew, fell for the act! Granted, he didn't make it easy for people, but surely there were enough hints he wasn't as stupid as he seemed. The military doesn't give pilot licenses to morons after all, much less an entire squad.

Only Ivan Braginski, a Russian soldier deployed at the military base as a sign of trust, had seen the cold, calculating soldier side of

him during a strategy meeting. They had a conversation (fight), and right when Ivan was asking why he hid his intelligence, a British soldier asked why he was, "a coward who fights in the skies?"

Al was far from a coward, oh no, he loved the thrill of the fight, adrenaline pumping through his body as he raced free in the skies. He had a good reason.

He didn't want to see his opponent die. Alfred had seen his brother, Matthew's, eyes once he came home from a deployment. Those haunted, cold, lonely eyes—he never wanted to look in the mirror and find those eyes staring back at him.

And so he smiled. Smiled because he wanted to be happy, smiled because of these depressing times, smiled because he didn't want to be consumed like so many others before he had, smiled because _he couldn't, wouldn't, shouldn't cry._

So he set up the façade, to keep the others attention off their fear, and on him, to keep them from slipping into insanity, like so many others who had experienced war had. He never cried, not when he ran from home, not when Pearl Harbor was attacked, not even when America declared war on the Axis Powers. Alfred became a light, shining in the darkness to find others.

Sometimes, however, he wondered if people would even care if that light extinguished.

After all, why would they? To them, he was just a moronic fool, not even worth a penny to protect. They spewed insults, complaints, and threats at him every time he was in sight, or even when he wasn't. He hadn't even realized it had gotten that bad until a Canadian soldier had listed every reason the soldiers at the base hated him for 2 whole hours, Alfred had realized things weren't going as well as he thought. And so he added yet another reason for the façade, _to protect himself from them_.

And yet, Alfred F. Jones still did not cry.

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****Rather short, but it will do for now. This is mostly just something I'm doing to get rid of the Writer's Block clouding my mind lately. I apologize if I got tons of facts wrong, so feel free to put in the comments what I did wrong and how to fix it. One day I'll rewrite this into something much, much better.****

****Until then, thank you for reading and I wish you all a good day (or night...)!****

****Ja-ne!~****

End
file.